Vol. VI. Numb. 18

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Rehearſer *and Mr.* Aſgil *engag'd. The* Obſervator *and his* Country-man *are Moderators. Mr.* Aſgil *a higher Flyer than the* Rehearſer. *The* Country-man's *Project founded on Mr.* Aſgil's. *A Confutation of Mr.* Aſgil's *Notion. The* Rehearſer *and his* Country-man *turn'd* Knight-Errant, *and* Squire. *They choak a* Dragon *with a* Cat *on* St. George's *Day.*

From **Wednesday**, April 30. to **Saturday**, May 3. 1707.

Country-m. MAſter, pray let us talk a little about Mr. *Rehearſer*.

Obſ. The People ſay, we talk of no Body elſe.

Country-m. That's their Miſtake; we han't a long Time talk'd of him, but of his Principles, and the *Faction* of High-Church; and we can talk of nothing better, becauſe then we talk for the *Queen* and Government.

Obſ. But if we can't convince the People we do ſo, we talk to no Purpoſe.

Country-m. Maſter, I think we ſpeak plain to the Capacity of the meaneſt Blockhead in *England*. It can't be ſuppos'd, that a Man can ſpeak, and at the ſame Time, find his Hearers a Capacity to underſtand what he ſays.

Obſ. The Lawyers are angry with you, for reflecting on ſome of their Tribe.

Country-m. Aye! And ſo are the Parſons too; but if we can mend both by our Reflections, we do well.

Obſ. They muſt then have more Grace than the *Rehearſer*, we can't mend him.

Country-m. He's caſe-harden'd; he has an *Iriſh* Underſtanding, Proof againſt Reaſon and Argument.

Obſ. But what is he upon now?

Country-m. Why, now he has encounter'd one Mr. *Aſgil*.

Obſ. What's he?

Country-m. The *Rehearſer* calls him a *Monſter*.

Obſ. The *Rehearſer* ſets up for an *Egyptian*. Tho' he never ſwom with the Monſters in the River *Nilus*, he has paddl'd in the *Shannon* ſo long, till he's become a *Monſter* himſelf. But why is Mr. *Aſgil* a *Monſter*?

Country-m. Becauſe he's a Man of *monſterous* Principles.

Obſ. What are they?

Country-m. He advances an Argument to prove, That a Perſon, who has the ſame Faith with *Enoch*, (I think ſo they call the old Gentleman) he may be tranſlated, and go to Heaven without dying, as *Enoch* did.

Obſ. And what do'ſt thou think of that Project, *Roger*?

Country-m. Why, upon my honeſt Word, I don't like it. That Maſter *Aſgil*, is a Man of *pernicious* Principles.

Obſ. Have a Care of what you ſay, *Roger*. I am told he's a Member of *Parliament*.

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, Mum for that. But if he be a Member, he ought not to be one: For why ſhould he, who does not intend to die himſelf, repreſent MORTALS in the Houſe of Commons?

Obſ. Don't be ſawcy.

Country-m. I hold my Sawce-pan as even as I can, that it mayn't run over. But, Maſter, I take him to be a very proud Man, that he won't go to Heaven the ſame Way with the reſt of the People.

Obſ. You don't know, *Roger*, but he may die, for all what he ſays.

Country-m. I will lay him two Soldiers Bottles of *October*, to a Dram of *Brandy*, that he will not be tranſlated; and if he wins my Wager, he may take 'em with him, and as he aſcends, he may ſquat his But-end on a Cloud, and take a Tiff. He has a long, tho' not a dark Way to go.

Obſ. Theſe Things, *Roger*, are above thy Capacity.

Country-m. Yea, Maſter, and above every Body's elſe. But this Project is againſt the *Queen*'s and the Nation's Intereſt.

Obſ. As how, *Roger*?

Country-m. The Thing is plain. If every one ſhould agree with Mr. *Aſgil*, to be tranſlated, then the *Queen* would loſe her Duties upon *Burials*; and why mayn't he as well find a new Way of coming into the World, as of going out of it? And ſo her Majeſty will loſe her Duties upon *Births* too.

And whatever the *Queen* loſes, is a Loſs to the *Queendom*, for we are bound to make good all Deficiencies. Then you know, Maſter, there is an Act of Parliament for Burying in Woollen; but if there be no Dying, there can be no Burying; and then there is loſt, a certain Conſumption of the *Woollen Manufacture*, and we poor Farmers ſhall be ſunk at leaſt Three-pence or a Groat a Tod upon our Wool.

I am glad there is no Act of Parliament for putting this Project in Execution; and that every Man is left to go out of the World after the old Way. If a Man can't live as he pleaſes, 'tis harder to put a Reſtriction on his Death; *Death* will be ſadly chous'd too, he may e'en march off with his *Scythe* on his Back, as the Folks do from *Sheppey* on the Beginning of *October*: Here's no more Harveſt for that mowing Monarch.

Maſter, it will ſpoil a Power of *Handicraſts* too, as *Coffin-makers*, *&c.* and even *Paul Meagre*, the *dead Cook*, will be ruin'd, for when there is no Dying, there can be no Embalming ——. But I wonder at my Heart, why the *Rehearſer* ſhould be angry at this Project.

Obſ.

Obſ. That Wonder ſhows thy Ignorance.

Country-m. Pray, Maſter, ſhow me wherein? I don't underſtand Projects.

Obſ. Mr. *Aſgil* is a *higher Flyer*, than *Leſley*, and that makes him angry.

Country-m. Aye, that's *ad Rem*, as the Loſophers ſay: For *Leſley* flies only to the Top of the Weather-cock, or to ſquat his But-end in the Devil's Seat on the Pinnacle of the Temple; but Maſter *Aſgil* mounts above the Clouds, the Lord knows where.

Obſ. Or how—. But, *Roger*, there's another Thing makes the *Rehearſer* angry. This Project is directly againſt the *Church* and the *Clergy*.

Country-m. I can't ſee that, I proteſt.

Obſ. Take a Glaſs of *October*, thy Fancy flags moſt confoundedly!

I'll ſhow thee it plainly. The Church's Service for the Burial, is hereby become void, and the Prieſt's Duties loſt, as well as the Clerk's, the Sexton's, the Grave-Digger's, and the Bearer's. And thoſe good *Matrons*, call'd the *Searchers*, are quite ruin'd; for tho' it be neceſſary to know of what Diſtempers People dy'd, who are bury'd, yet it exceeds an old Woman's Capacity, to know of what Diſtemper a Man is tranſlated; and ſo they are outed.

Country-m. I thank you, Maſter; this is plain againſt the Church and Parſons. And I believe this was the chief Reaſon of the *Rehearſer*'s taking Notice of it.

But from this Project, I will form another Project of Profit; and if you pleaſe, you ſhall come in Partner with me. You want Money.

Obſ. With all my Heart, *Roger*, if it be an honeſt Project.

Country-m. The Project is this. We will get an Intereſt in Mr. *Aſgil*, and get him to let us know *when* and *where* he will be *tranſlated*; and ſuppoſing the Place to be in ſome great Field about *London*, then we'll take that Field, and build it full of Scaffolds, with Seats, and let every Place to Man, Woman, or Child, at five Shillings apiece. What a power of People would come to ſee a new Thing, a Man tranſlated! Bleſs me! what a Sight 'twill be! My *Granny* never ſaw ſuch a Sight ſince her Mother bound her Head.

Obſ. But ſuppoſe he ſhould miſtake the TIME, and not be tranſlated then? For I believe a Man can no more know the Time of his Tranſlation, than of his Death.

Country-m. There is ſomething in that; but 'tis his Miſtake; and we ſhall get the Money, whether he be tranſlated or no.

Obſ. *Roger*, there is no jeſting with edg'd Tools; *Death* is a ſerious Conſideration; *Death* is the King of Terrors, and his cold Hands will gripe us ſooner or later; and that Man conſiders *Death* beſt, that makes the beſt Proviſion againſt it, and is beſt prepar'd for its coming. It opens a Door into a future State, either of endleſs Bliſs, or Miſery.

I never could approve of *Hypotheſes* of this Nature, becauſe I find the Original of moſt Enthuſiaſtick Sects have ſprung from the Cunning of Men, and their ſtrange Notions impos'd upon the unthinking ſort of Mankind: And how many have been led aſtray by theſe Religious Chimæra's? *Joe Jacobs*, with his Whiſking Tribe, the Pur-Cats of his Herd, with Smellers, has gain'd more Proſelytes, than Mr. *Aſgil* has done. I don't find he has gain'd one Proſelyte; and ſo, far from being a Head of a Sect, as he expected. To the great Diſtreſs of Religion, we have too many of 'em already.

Country-m. Was not Maſter *Aſgil*'s Sect to have been call'd the *Tranſlators*.

Obſ. I can't tell that. But he's all the whole Sect himſelf.

Country-m. But, Maſter, pray confute him then, if you won't have me banter him.

Obſ. *Roger*, the very Notion confutes it ſelf. Mr. *Aſgil* muſt have the ſame Faith with *Enoch*: He muſt be the ſame good Man with *Enoch*, if a Miracle muſt be wrought for him in like manner with *Enoch*.

For, I take that Tranſlation of *Enoch*'s, to be a pure Miracle; none before, or ſince, (except *Elijah*) have gone out of the World after that manner. We may ſuppoſe, that the bleſſed Army of Maryrs, who departed this Life in the *Smithfield* Flames, had as much Faith, and were as much in the Favour, and under the Protection of God Almighty, as Mr. *Aſgil* can pretend to; and yet there was no Miracle wrought, to deliver them from the Hands of their bloody Enemies.

We have all the Reaſon in the World to believe, that Miracles are ceas'd; and we *muſt* believe, that a Tranſlation like *Enoch*'s, is above the Force of Human Power, as it is contrary to Human Reaſon. For this cannot be done without a perfect Alteration of the Nature of Subſtances. All Human Bodies, by their natural Gravity, tend to the Centre, the Smoak and Sparks fly upwards by the Accidents of Air; but they undergoing a ſort of Anihilation, their Flight is not high and durable: But to make a ſolid Body (tho' animated with a ſpirituous Part, and living) to act contrary to its Nature, and aſcend, muſt be the Effect of a Power ſuperior to Nature, and commanding it.

The Philoſophers agree, that Bodies move downwards by the Attraction of the Centre; and that if it were poſſible to cauſe a Body to aſcend out of the Power of that Attraction, it would, by the Neceſſity of its Gravity, deſcend again to ſome other Place. So that if Mr. *Aſgil*, by ſome unknown Power, ſhould get himſelf elevated above the Attraction of the Earth, he'll want ſome other Power to keep him from deſcending again; and all he does, muſt be contrary to Nature. —— But enough of a Subject, ſo vain and uſeleſs. —— What ſays the *Rehearſer*?

Country-m. Let him ſay what he will; we can't ſay much to him at preſent, becauſe it grows late. But he is turn'd *Knight-Errant*, and his Country-man is turn'd *Squire*; he's the *Don Quixot*, and t'other the *Sancho Pancha* of the Church.

Obſ. How's that, *Roger*?

Country-m. Why, they ſally'd forth on St. *George*'s Day, up *Holborn*.

Obſ. Was it to reſcue any of High-Church going to Execution?

Country-m. No, Maſter, they went a *Catterwauling*, and they got but one poor Puſs, that a Parcel of Boys had ty'd in a String before.

Obſ. I hope they did not uſe her, both of 'em, as the Prieſt did the Cat in a Sack?

Country-m. No, Maſter, they choak'd a *Dragon* with her.

Obſ. Was it a High or Low Church Dragon?

Country-m. I can't tell that.

Obſ. Was it a *Boar* Cat, or a *Sow* Cat?

Country-m. I can't tell that neither.

Obſ. Why, then thou know'ſt nothing. Had the Cat ever a *Tail*?

Country-m. I can make neither *Head* nor *Tail* of what he ſays. And ſo, good Night.

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LONDON, Printed for the Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.